

## BATMAN CHRONICLES

JOE POTATO in...  
FRY ME DEADLY

STORY, CHUCK DIXON  
PENCILS, FLINT HENRY  
INKS, HILARY BARTA

DARREN AND JORDAN, LAW AND ORDER

10 PAGES

PAGE ONE

PANEL ONE

LARGE TITLE PANEL

We're looking down at a familiar film noir scene. The corpse of a pizza delivery man lies on the sidewalk in the rain. Several pizzas are spilled on the street before him and their contents running into the gutter. A couple of uniformed cops are here along with Moses and Murphy of Homicide and Joe Potato P.I. The pizza guy wears a Dominos style windbreaker with PAIR O'DICE PIZZA printed on the back with a stylized dice logo.

We might wanna run the captions down the side of the page OUTSIDE of the panel border so's it's a smaller art area but un interrupted by copy other than the word balloons.

TITLE: FRY ME DEADLY

a JOE POTATO mystery

CAPTION: SOMEBODY WANTED FREDDY DEAD REAL BAD.

CAPTION: IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHERE HE ENDED AND THE DOUBLE  
SAUSAGE AND ONION PIZZA BEGAN.

CAPTION: I HAD TO FIND HIS KILLER.

CAPTION: FREDDY WAS MY FRIEND.

CAPTION: FREDDY BROUGHT ME PIZZA.

MOSES: WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST HERE, POTATO?

PANEL TWO

Murphy holds up a wallet in an evidence bag and frowns. Moses looks skeptically at Potato who's looking overdramatically grim.

POTATO: FREDDY WAS A PAL. WE WERE LIKE BLOOD.

MURPHY: FREDDY? DRIVER'S LICENSE HAS HIM AS "LARRY CLOUTMAN".

POTATO: FREDDY. LARRY. WHAT'S THE DIFF? HE DELIVERED IN UNDER  
TWENTY MINUTES.

PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE

Potato walks away in the rain as Moses and Murphy watch him walk off.

POTATO: AND HE DIED ALONE FOR THE CHUMP CHANGE IN HIS POCKET.

MURPHY: HE STILL HAS HIS ROLL ON HIM.

MOSES: WASN'T ROBBERY, POTATO.  
POTATO: THANKS FOR THE TIP, BOYS.

PANEL TWO

Potato walks toward us in the rain. A dark figure pokes out of an alley to watch him pass.

CAPTION: I'M A PRIVATE EYE. ONE OF GOTHAM'S BEST.

CAPTION: A TOUGH MAN FOR A TOUGH JOB IN A TOUGH TOWN.

CAPTION: I DON'T WORK CHEAP.

PANEL THREE

That figure, a big hulking bastard stands in the extreme foreground and watches Potato walk away.

CAPTION: BUT SOMETIMES I WORK FROM THE HEART.

PANEL FOUR

Next day. Establishment shot of a high rise apartment building.

CAPTION: I STARTED AT BLEECKMAN TOWERS.

CAPTION: IF IT WASN'T A MUGGING IT WAS PERSONAL.

FROM UPPER FLOOR: MISSUS CLOUTMAN?

PANEL FIVE

A female figure stands at an open door in the extreme foreground. Potato stands with hat in hand and that fixed grim expression.

FEMALE FIGURE: IF YOUR SELLIN' SOMETHING HIT THE BRICKS.

POTATO: JUSTICE DOESN'T HAVE A PRICE, DOLL.

POTATO: I'M HERE ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDER.

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE

Large panel. A babe leans in the doorway with a cigarette in her hand. She's in some kind of nightgown but remember this is a coode book. Potato stands in the foreground. The bae looks tough.

CAPTION: SHE WAS THE KIND OF WOMAN MADE YOUR MOUTH GO DRY  
AND YOUR EYES GO HOT.

CAPTION: SHE WAS PERFUME AND MOONLIGHT AND HALF-REMEMBERED  
SINATRA MUSIC PLAYING LOW.

CAPTION: SHE WAS THE KIND OF WIDOW THAT MADE FUNERAL  
DIRECTORS THINK OF DEEP DISCOUNTS.

CAPTION: HER EYES TOOK ME IN AND SHE CAUGHT HER BREATH.

WIDOW: YOU SMELL LIKE TAKEOUT.

PANEL TWO

He follows her into a spacious apartment. It's a big penthouse style suite with lots of rich ecoutrements. Cigarette smoke trails after her. There's open boxes from department stores with clothing hanging out of scattered around. The widow's taller than Joe.

CAPTION: SHE COULDN'T HIDE HER FEELINGS FOR ME.

WIDOW: CAN WE MAKE THIS FAST? I GOTTA LOTTA THINGS T'TAKE CARE  
OF.

POTATO: NICE PLACE FOR A GUY THAT DELIVERED PIZZAS.

WIDOW: THE TIPS WERE GREAT.

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

He grabs her by the arm and spins her around. She looks stunned.

CAPTION: I DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR THE SLAP AND TICKLE ROUTINE.

CAPTION: NOT WITH MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WORLD CHILLING OUT ON A SLAB.

POTATO: LISTEN UP, SISTER! DON'T GET CUTE WITH ME. I'M TRYING TO FIND THE SCUM THAT KAKKED YOUR MAN.

WIDOW; WHAT WAS HE TO YOU?

PANEL TWO

Potato looks hard as he holds her by the arm.

POTATO: HE WAS THERE FOR ME WHENEVER I CALLED.

POTATO: HE WAS A FRIEND, A COMRADE, A BROTHER.

POTATO: AND HE LET ME HAVE THE TWOFER SPECIAL EVEN WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE A COUPON.

PANEL THREE

She's pulled from his grip and turned away to lean on a sofa, her hand dipping into a showbox. He stands looking tough behind her.

CAPTION: I GOT TO HER.

WIDOW: sob--YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DID---

WIDOW: HE WAS A---

PANEL FOUR

She whips around and smacks him dead between the eyes with a high heel shoe.

CAPTION: THEN SHE GOT TO ME.

WIDOW: --A HEEL!

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

Entirely black panel with a tiny figure of Joe Potato falling away from us.

CAPTION: SUDDENLY I WAS FALLING INTO BLACKNESS WITHOUT A PARACHUTE.

CAPTION: AND IN THE DARK IT ALL CAME CLEAR.

CAPTION: THAT BABE WAS CRAZY ABOUT ME.

PANEL TWO

Joe sits in the blackness. NO backgrounds.

POTATO: THERE'S MORE TO THIS CASE THEN I THOUGHT.

OFF PANEL: A LOT MORE.

PANEL THREE

Joe looks up to see Batman standing in the dark. Just the BAREST indication of Batman. He's a part of the blackness.

POTATO: IF IT AIN'T THE SECOND BEST DETECTIVE IN GOTHAM.

BATMAN: LEAVE THIS ONE FOR THE POLICE, POTATO.

POTATO: NO WAY, BATS. I'M DOING THIS FOR FREDDY.

BATMAN: LARRY.

POTATO: WHATEVER.

PANEL FOUR

Close shot of Batman. We can see the bat symbol and his scowl and not much else.

BATMAN: YOU'RE OFF YOUR GAME.

BATMAN: WAKE UP AND SMELL THE MOZZARELLA, JOE.

PANEL FIVE

Joe is face down on the carpet and coming around. There's a cut in his cheek welling blood and a thin trail of smoke in the air.

CAPTION: I WOKE UP, ALL RIGHT.

CAPTION: BUT IT WASN'T CHEESE THAT WAS BURNING.

POTATO: sniff!

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Joe sits up and all around him the apartment burns.

CAPTION: MORE LIKE NAUGAHYDE AND POLYESTER.

CAPTION: SOMEBODY WANTED THEIR POTATO BAKED.

PANEL TWO

Joe smashes out through a door into a hallway, flames explode out after him.

CAPTION: SO THOSE WIDOW'S TEARS WERE PURE CROCODILE.

CAPTION: SO I'M NOT THE FIRST GUY TO FALL FOR A LUCIOUS DAME.

PANEL THREE

Potato walks toward us, clothes still smoking, as firemen rush past him in the rain. He looks pissed off.

CAPTION: I MAY HAVE BEEN BORN YESTERDAY BUT IT WAS EARLY YESTERDAY.

CAPTION: SOMEBODY HAD A LOT TO ANSWER FOR.

PANEL FOUR

That mysterious, hulking figure watches from concealment as Potato walks away in the rain.

CAPTION: AND I HAD A SHOULDER HOLSTER FULL OF QUESTIONS.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

A crappy old car sits in the rain on a lot across the street from a PAIR O'DICE PIZZA place. What the Hell, make it a Ford Tempo.

CAPTION: I COULD SMELL THE ANCHOVIES EVEN THROUGH THE RAIN.

CAPTION: AND UNDER IT A STINK EVEN MORE NAUSEATING.

PANEL TWO

Shot through the windshield of Potato frowning, the rain runs down the windshield in a sheet, distorting his image.

CAPTION: THE STENCH OF CORRUPTION.

CAPTION: OF GREED.

CAPTION: OF THE HOAGIE I LEFT IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

PANEL THREE

The widow steps from a car in front of the pizza place. She wears a tightly belted

raincoat and a broadbrimmed hat.

CAPTION: AND JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME THE GRIEVING WIDOW MAKES HER ENTRANCE.

#### PANEL FOUR

The widow turns in surprise inside the pizza place. A seedy looking employee is wheeling flower sacks full of cash toward her in a wheel barrel from the backroom. The employee wears a PAIR O'DICE T-shirt and a ballcap with the logo on it. The widow's angled so we can't see the gun in her hand.

OFF PANEL: GOT A LATE DELIVERY, WIDOW CLOUTMAN?

WIDOW: YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WELLDONE BY NOW, SNOOPER.

#### PAGE EIGHT

#### PANEL ONE

Potato stands in the doorway behind her with a monstrous revolver in his fist. Reverse angle so we can see the gun in her fist held close to her body.

POTATO: YOU CRISPED ME ALLRIGHT, BABE. BUT I'M JUST BROWN AT THE EDGES.

POTATO: I DID SOME ASKIN' AROUND ABOUT YOUR LATE HUBBY. SEEMS HE WAS DOING MORE THAN DELIVERING DEEPPISH.

#### PANEL TWO

Close-up on Potato.

POTATO: HE WAS USING HIS ROUTE AS A COVER TO MULE DRUGS, GUNS, NUMBERS.

POTATO: ANYTHING THAT WOULD BRING IN CASH. ENOUGH CASH TO KEEP A DOLL LIKE YOU IN THE CHIPS.

POTATO: IT WAS YOU WHO GUNNED HIM, BABE. SO WHERE'S THE PAYOFF?

#### PANEL THREE

She turns and fires her gun at Potato who's struck in the shoulder and goes flying back, losing his gun. A couple of wild shots tear tatters from his coat.

CAPTION: I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED SHE COULD MOVE SO FAST.

CAPTION: SHE HAD A DANCER'S LEGS.

POTATO: UNNH!

#### PANEL FOUR

She stands over Potato in the background and holds the gun on him. In the extreme foreground, that hulking figure lumbers forward. The dweeby employee backs away.

WIDOW: I MISSED, HUH?

WIDOW: WELL, THE NEXT ONE'S IN THE TATER TOTS.

#### PAGE NINE

#### PANEL ONE

The big figure, who's a giant Moose Malloy type, grabs her from behind. She looks stunned.

McLUGG: THINKIN' OF RUNNING OUT ON ME, HONEY?

WIDOW: McLUGG! HOW'D YOU--

McLUGG: I FOLLOWED THE DETECTIVE. HE AIN'T BAD, HON.

PANEL TWO

Tight shot in them as she speaks softly. His frown goes soft.

WIDOW: I WASN'T RUNNING, McLUGG. I JUST THOUGHT WE SHOULD SHARE THE RISK.

McLUGG: huh?

WIDOW: YOU WHACKED MY OLD MAN. I THOUGHT I'D MOVE THE SWAG.

PANEL THREE

McLugg smiles stupidly in close-up.

McLUGG: SORRY, HON.

McLUGG: CAN YUH EVER FORGIVE ME?

PANEL FOUR

She wears a wicked smile as she turns into his embrace and empties the remaining rounds into McLugg at point-blank range. She's underlit by the muzzleflashes.

WIDOW: SURE, BABY.

WIDOW: MAMA FORGIVES YOU.

SFX: BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

PANEL FIVE

Potato is trying to rise as the gun turns on him from the foreground.

OFF PANEL: I GOT ONE LEFT FOR YOU, SNOOPER.

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

McLugg's bloody hand is in the extreme foreground and feels around for a pizza slicer on the counter. The widow stands with her back to him and the gun on the terrified employee and Potato who stands holding his shoulder.

WIDOW: AND ONE SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR A DRIED UP OLD SPUD LIKE YOU.

PANEL TWO

The shot up and dying McLugg is coming up behind the smiling widow with the pizza slicer raised like an ax in his hand.

WIDOW: WHAT A ROTTEN WAY TO GO, DYING FOR THAT LOUSE OF A HUSBAND OF MINE.

CAPTION: I DON'T LIKE THINKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

PANEL THREE

Potato and the employee back to the wall as a shadow of two figures and rising slicer fall over them.

SFX: eEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

CAPTION: LET'S JUST SAY I'LL BE ORDERING THE VEGGIE SPECIAL FOR A WHILE AND LEAVE IT AT THAT.

PANEL FOUR

The employee stands looking at the dead widow lying under the dead bulk of McLugg. Potato retrieves his gun from the floor.

EMPLOYEE: WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT, MISTER?

POTATO: AND OLD STORY, PAL. A MAN LOVED HIS WOMAN AND HIS

WOMAN SOLD HIM OUT.

POTATO: SOLD HIM BY THE SLICE.

PANEL FIVE

Potato heads for the door. The employee watches him go.

POTATO: FREDDY DESERVED BETTER THAN HER.

EMPLOYEE: WHO'S FREDDY?

POTATO: SKIP IT, OKAY?

THE END

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